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# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

No. 1.	CONTENTS.	Vol. 22.
NORWEGIAN SCENERY, ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), by E. F. P.	EDITORIAL THOUGHTS	8
ON THE PROMONTORY, by Homespun	1 MOUNT ETNA, <i>Illustrated</i>	10
A RETROSPECT, by Apostle F. M. Lyman	2 HOME LIFE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO	10
FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS—Be Patient— Forming Character—New Year's Calls —Questions on Church History—The Prizes, etc.	3 A RAG MILLIONAIRE	10
INTRODUCTION OF THE GOSPEL TO THE MAJORIES, by W. M. Bromley	BILLY'S ROSE	11
THE RESURRECTION, by Thomas W. Brook- bank	TOPICS OF THE TIMES, by The Editor	12
	THE FORTY UNBIDDEN VISITORS OF ABEL HETTER, by Eddis Owen	13
	THE BEAUTIES OF HOME, a Song, Words and Music by Edwin F. Parry	15
	TALE-BEARING	16
	7 "BOTH"-HANDED PEOPLE	16

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# To Patrons and Advertisers.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has proved itself to be, during the twenty-one years of its existence, a thoroughly reliable and trust-worthy magazine. Though we realize that it has not been entirely free from errors, its articles have, as a rule, been devoid of mistakes. As has been its reading matter so do we propose to make its advertising columns—perfectly reliable. We will not accept any advertisements but those of members of the Church in good standing, nor will we publish any statements from them but what we think correct in every respect. Our numerous patrons can therefore feel satisfied that in dealing with those whose notices appear in the cover of this magazine they are dealing with their friends, and will receive from them just and satisfactory treatment.

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ORGAN FOR YOUNG

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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NO. 1.

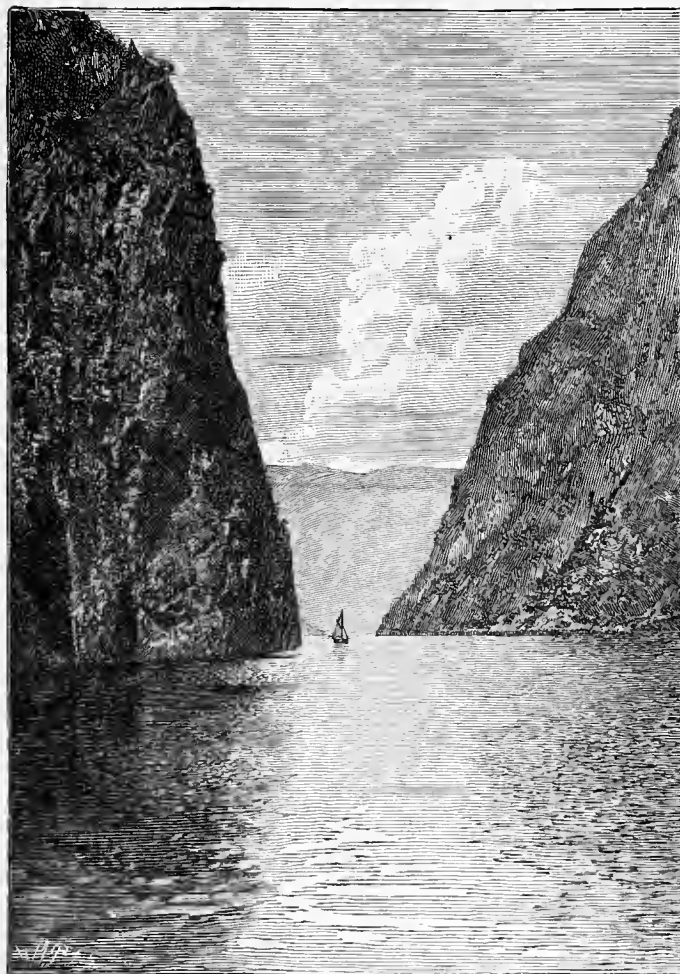
## NORWEGIAN SCENERY.

TO get an idea of the scenery characteristic of this far-off northern land we must be somewhat acquainted with the peculiar formation of it. As you all very well know, the coun-

tries known as Norway and Sweden run parallel with each other, and form what is called the Scandinavian peninsula. The whole of the country is mountainous, while the southern and western parts of Norway consist of a continuous range of rocky highlands. These highlands, or mountain tops, form a vast snow-field, which is broken here and there by narrow valleys, wherein the soil can be cultivated or used for pasture lands. The mountains rise very abruptly from the ocean in some places on the western coast, and often attain the height of four thousand feet at a distance of no more than four or five miles. The descent on the inland sides is quite as precipitous; and down these steep slopes great masses of ice, called glaciers, descend from time to time, forming numerous lakes in the valleys below. So the country is composed alternately of snow-crowned peaks, bare mountain sides, pine-covered foot-hills, fertile valleys surrounding quiet lakes. It is said there are more than thirty thousand lakes in Norway. Most of these are small, and the

largest are of not very great dimensions. Then there are many rivers that flow through the valleys, and small streams that dash down the mountain sides, forming cataracts as they go, and feeding the myriads of lakes and ponds below.

The most interesting and beautiful features of Norwegian scenery are the numerous fjords, or arms of the sea, which extend inland to the distance, in some cases, of more than one hundred miles. Some of these passages are quite narrow, while others are several miles in width. Many of them are navigable, and from ship-board one can obtain a good view of the rocky heights, that tower in awful grandeur on either side, as he floats on the placid waters of the winding defiles. In some places the mountains rise almost perpendicularly to the height of more than five thousand feet, while the space between them is so small that the direct rays of the sun never reach to the surface of the water. In other places the mountains recede gradually, leaving a narrow valley on the side of the fjord. It is upon these narrow strips of land that many of the towns of Norway are located.



THE NÆRØFJORD.

The lower part of the valley is cultivated to the distance of some three thousand feet above sea level. The vegetation

at this altitude is but scanty, and the only habitations found above it are dairy huts, in which the manufacture of cheese is carried on in the Summer time, as the cows and goats are driven to the higher regions to graze during the warm season of the year.

The engraving on the preceding page represents a view of what is called the Nærofjord, (narrow frith), which is described as follows by one who visited it quite recently:

"The Nærofjord, like the Nærodal, is a narrow gorge between perpendicularly precipitous rocks, several thousand feet in height, which give an unutterable, severe and gloomy aspect to the water beneath, as the steamer noisily wends its way along the black, still water. Magnificent waterfalls dash down the heights on either side, and these, combined with the desolate-looking snowfields in the clefts of the summits of the ridges, and the entire absence of sun—ever hidden by the mountains—invests the scene with a wildness peculiarly its own. The Nærofjord leads into the Sogne Fjord—one of the largest fjords in Norway, and which, apart from the splendid scenery it affords on its own shores, is the highway to some of the grandest snow and glacier scenery in Scandinavia."

Besides the grandeur of its mountain scenery, Norway has other pleasing and interesting features. As the northern part of it extends to a considerable distance within the Arctic Circle, the climate is cold. On the western coast, however, its severity is somewhat modified through the influence of the gulf stream—a current in the ocean which carries the warm water from the regions of the equator to the shores of this cold country, thus making it more temperate. Occasionally pieces of wood from South American forests are swept by this gulf stream to Norwegian shores, to be picked up for fuel by some lucky fisherman or peasant.

In the extreme north, where the days and nights are of about three months' duration, the inhabitants perform their labors during the long nights by aid of the glow of the aurora borealis, or great northern lights. It may be surprising to my young readers to be told that in Norway there is said to be a land of eternal day—where the sun never sets. High up on the top of a barren cliff, in the northern part of the country, one can stand and see the sun move as it were along the horizon in one continual round, sometimes dipping into the sea, but never sinking entirely out of sight.

E. F. P.

## ON THE PROMONTORY.

BY HOMESPUN.

IT was Lucy's birthday, a little while ago, and so all the children at Laie were duly bidden to a pic-nic at the Promontory. This place is a long, high strip of land extending into the sea away down on the eastern beach.

Accordingly about fifteen children aged all the way from ten years to eight months, with five mammas and only one papa where there ought to have been six papas and seven mammas, started out about three o'clock in the afternoon for the pic-nic.

You mustn't ask me all their names, for they would fill up the magazine, and no one would be wiser after all. But there were Karl, Ina and Donnie to haul one cart, with the lonely papa to haul another and two mamma's at the other.

And away we all went, down the hill, on and through the big pasture gate, then down the grassy road to the shore.

Karl runs and romps, and then back he comes after Ina who is always behind the others, her tiny legs trotting leisurely along, their small owner singing, and swinging her flower-wreathed hat as she goes.

Here's a bit of sand to cross, and here is the sea, dashing, and rippling, and roaring, and tumbling its great big azure play-fellows the waves, and kissing their lips into white foam with its rough caresses.

Then up the hill we go—one—two—three—puff—puff—it's steep you may be sure. And up trots Lucy and Karl and Ina, but Helen our stranger child must stay by mamma's safe protecting arm. Puff—puff—up at last! Children, wagons, babies, lunch basket and all! Then breathe a moment, and on again, clear to the end of the Promontory, a quarter of a mile perhaps. But oh, how beautiful the scene!

Mamma takes her pets and turns their eyes away down the coast line south, where down at the feet of the long chain of mountains sit pretty clusters of houses embowered in green and guarded by tall church spires. Here and there boats dot the surface of the inland waters and down at Hauula, a ship like a great white bird dips and swings and rocks in the waves. Rocky islands all along the coast break the monotony of the coast line, and to the north a long, low island lies wave-washed and peopled now with Tommie's goats. One rock not far out, silent and grim, is a marked point to the eyes of every resident of Laie Nei.

But there, now come out on these sharp rocks—look out Ina; step carefully Karl—they are coral rocks, but all cupped and edged with sharp rims, broken and jagged.

And Ina's papa holds her out to see the great crabs run and scamble over the rocks below. And in turn all lean over the sharp edge and see the crabs and watch the green waves dash against the ragged rocks way below, with such force as to send the spray up to where we stand. And down, down we look with a shudder, at the great masses of cruel, sharp rocks, and admire while we shiver at the awful wave-romps below.

And coming back, David commences to cry, and some one tells him not to be a baby but be a man like tiny Karl and Jay. At that David only cries the more, only he softens his voice.

But alas! when he can go no farther, the one papa discovers that poor David has a sharp rock imbedded in his foot, and a knife has to go in search of it, and then how sorry we all are, and David is comforted and petted.

Now, we must have the pic-nic. And very simple it is too, as indeed everything in the eatable line is. A cake or two, some cookies, sugar candy and a drink. But the hungry children don't grumble, and everybody eats with apparent relish. Then Tommy and the little boys hunt fish eyes, and little shells, and the girls pick the tiny white flowers growing wild here.

And they poke water holes for crabs, and some older ones toss rocks into the sea below.

At last we all agree it is time to start on the long, homeward walk, and once more the irregular procession forms.

It is quite twilight when we reach the gates, and Ina has given up and been stowed away in a cart, while Karlie holds on to mamma's hand to help along his little, weary feet.

Thus was our trip to the Promontory. But I must add that Lucy was the happy recipient of ten cents in silver, and a pretty circle comb as birthday mementoes.

And so ended Lucy's birthday pic-nic.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

# A RETROSPECT.

BY APOSTLE F. M. LYMAN.

THE year 1886 closes upon us as a very eventful one in the history of the Latter-day Saints. It has been two years since the Presidency of the Church were obliged to retire from their wonted walks and public labors among the Saints. A hundred other brethren have been imprisoned for the gospel's sake. They would not deny the truth nor forsake their religion and their God. Their retirement and the imprisonment of so many of the presiding brethren from the various departments of the Church, have greatly increased the responsibility upon the shoulders of another class of men, who in many instances have been untried in those new requirements. It takes time for new men to get the matters of a Stake or Ward fully in hand. While this process of installing fresh hands has been going on the people have been left to move along under a slack rein. It will now be well for us individually to look back over the year, and see what we have been doing during this time. Can we look over our lives with joy? Have we attended strictly to our duties as they have been taught us in the gospel? Have we felt the necessity of being more careful of our lives this year than ever before? Or have we taken advantage of the absence of our brethren to be more indifferent than usual? Have we felt pleased in our hearts that the gospel restraints were for a season measurably removed?

Our last two years' experience has impressed upon my mind more potently than ever before the importance of the great injunction, so familiar to all Saints, "Live your religion." How frequently we have been urged, also, to secure for ourselves a testimony of the truth of the gospel! Whenever a time of trial comes, if we live our religion we have that testimony and nothing can move us. We have been taught from the beginning that every individual member in the Church must have the unwavering witness of the Holy Ghost, or he will not endure to the end. So many have passed along, lived and died as Saints, without meeting those serious trials, it is quite possible some may have concluded that such an injunction was born of enthusiasm, and that we can go through with all our religious experiences without any witness superior to our own good sense and native judgment. We can embrace no greater falacy. The witness of the Holy Ghost is indispensably necessary to the successful life of every individual Saint. Wherein we have not been tried, there is nothing more certain than that we will be.

All men who have received the holy Priesthood are especial ministers and servants of the living God. It must not be trifled with. It is an edged instrument, to be used with judgment and skill, as the Lord will amply prepare every man upon whom it is conferred if he be humble and full of faith and good works. What have been our teaching and example during the last twelve months? Happy is the man who has been true to himself, to his family, to mankind and to God.

I am convinced there are many of the Saints who entertain the idea that there is no opportunity to magnify the calling of a Saint or of an Elder unless they are especially called to some official position in some organization, or to leave their homes upon preaching or business missions. Such an idea is very erroneous. Why is it entertained? It is the legitimate fruit of the absence of the true Spirit of the gospel upon that point. Every individual has an important and extensive field of oper-

ation in educating self. Then a wider field opens up to each parent in educating the children; and no more important or sacred mission has ever been given. We are not living alone for ourselves, but for all others. As long as we are in reach or hearing of human intelligences we have more missionary labor than any one can possibly perform.

The agency and power with which all men are endowed by the Father, are given us to be diligently used in the development and elevation of mankind in every way to the standard of perfection as God is perfect. We are not to be commanded in all things. Hear the word of the Lord on this subject:

"For behold it is not meet that I should command in all things, for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward. Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own freewill, and bring to pass much righteousness; for the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in no wise lose their reward. But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded, and receiveth a commandment with doubtful heart, and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is damned." (*Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. lviii., 26-29.*)

In view of the above doctrine is there any place for a Saint to come to a standstill for want of something to do? As long as there is a "good cause" and "righteousness to bring to pass," we should never say in our hearts or with our tongues, "we have nothing to do."

Have parents been prompt in prayer to God; and have they taught and trained their sons and daughters, not only to bow the knee and the head, but to bow the heart before the throne of grace on all proper occasions? Have parents and children implicit confidence in each other? Are they exemplary before each other and the world? Are they all sober and temperate in their habits of life? Do they all duly appreciate the value of chastity? Do they prize truth and virtue above life? Do they realize the value of intelligence, that it is the "glory of God?"

Do fathers at home prepare their sons for ordination to the Priesthood, that when the voice of the Spirit through the Bishop chooses them for Deacons, they are prepared to receive and honor that office? Do fathers give attention to their sons who have received the Priesthood to see that they honor their callings and are preparing themselves for increased labor and responsibility?

These questions asked of ourselves will suggest many more of equal importance to our minds, all of which we can individually answer to the satisfaction of the Spirit of the Lord. If any of these important tasks have not been duly performed in 1886, we ought to see to it that they are done in 1887. It will be found very profitable to each individual to scrutinize self every evening before prayer and retiring for the night; and the attention of the family should be turned towards the record of the day's doings, that stock-taking of the things learned and the good done may be attended to. Then at the close of the year a general summary of the accomplishments of the year will be found very inspiring. Few can realize how active they have been and what they have accomplished in a year unless a balance sheet is prepared.

Then to compare the results of each year with its predecessors and to note the increase in profits and in investments of the true riches. I know of nothing that will inspire greater zeal or increase of exertion, than for us to see the good fruit of our industry. Until all this and much more is accomplished let us never again say "we have nothing to do."



## FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

### BE PATIENT.

WHEN you are disappointed in any way, do not lose your temper and get cross, but have patience to endure little inconveniences cheerfully.

If you have made up your mind to do something or to go somewhere, and your parents do not give their consent, yield to their wishes joyfully, and do not let your anger rise.

Do not lose patience if your associates do not comply with your wishes as readily as you would like them to.

When you are hurt accidentally, have patience to bear with, and forgive the one who made the mistake, and do not try to avenge yourself.

Patience is a noble virtue which every child should strive to possess, and to exercise at all times when little troubles beset his path.

We must remember that all people are liable to make mistakes, which very often cause us trouble or sorrow, and we must also know that we are placed here on the earth to be tried and to learn to be patient, forgiving and kind.

It shows good manners and good training in a person who exercises patience with the faults and mistakes of his associates. Such a one will always be loved and respected.

### FORMING CHARACTER.

AMOS LAWRENCE, the senior member of the long-known house of A. and A. Lawrence & Co., was one of the most successful business men of Boston. He won success by high character, industry and business talent. His biography is worth reading by every young man, as a help to the formation of his own character. When a clerk in a store it was the habit of all the other clerks to mix a liquor for drink, and to enjoy a good cigar. Young Amos, though often tempted to imitate the example, resisted resolutely.

He says, "During the rest of my apprenticeship, five years, I never drank a spoonful, though I mixed gallons daily for my old master and his customers. I decided never to be a slave to tobacco in any form, though I loved the odor of it then, and even now have in my drawer a superior

Havana cigar, given me not long since by a friend, but only to smell of. I have never in my life smoked a cigar, never chewed but one quid, and that before I was fifteen. I never took an ounce of snuff, though the scented rappee of forty years ago had great charms for me. Now I say, to this simple fact of starting *just* right, am I indebted, with God's blessing on my labors, for my present position."

### NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

WHEN Tom and Fred had gone to bed,  
The last night in December,  
By frolics gay, the New Year's day,  
They thought they would remember.  
"We'll dress up nice at any price—  
What we don't own we'll borrow—  
And make a call on each and all  
The girls we know, to-morrow!"

And so they went, on fun intent,  
To do their New Year's duty;  
Kid gloves and cane, they thought would gain  
A smile from every beauty!  
They stopped before a handsome door  
Where dwelt a little maiden,  
Resolved to make an entrance fine,  
With all their graces laden!

They rang the bell, and sent their cards,  
To madam's little daughter,  
When, sad mishap! off flew Tom's cap,  
Into a pool of water!  
In eager haste, no time to waste,  
They both resolved to win it!  
The pond was cold—but I am told,  
That both boys tumbled in it!

In this strange plight, they thought of flight,  
But smiling on them sweetly,  
A little face decides the case,  
And they are caught completely!  
"My dear Miss Bell, I hope you're well,  
'Tis such delightful weather,  
We came to call, but met a fall,  
And both went down together!"

"If you'll allow, we'll go home now,  
And call to see you after"—  
What e're it cost, that speech was lost,  
As were they all—in *laughter*!

Two little boys, without much noise,  
 Crept slyly home that morning,  
 Resolved that luckless New Year's fall  
 Should be to them a warning!

### QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. UPON the retreat of the mob from Daviess County, where did Joseph return to? 2. What information did he receive immediately upon his arrival in Far West? 3. What caused this re-awakening among the enemy? 4. What was the nature of these false reports? 5. What was the true version of the circumstance upon which these lies were founded? 6. What did he say further? 7. What action did Bro. Parsons take after hearing this? 8. What word did two of the brethren who had been out watching the movements of the mob report to Far West? 9. When this news reached Far West what did the Saints do to defend themselves?

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 23, VOL. 21.

1. How long after he certified to Joseph and others that he would not molest the Saints did Adam Black begin again to harass and persecute them? A. Twenty days.

2. How did he proceed? A. He made an affidavit that he had been threatened with death by an armed force of one hundred and fifty men, if he did not sign that document binding himself not to molest the "Mormons." He also swore that the lives of others were threatened.

3. What action did Wm. P. Peniston, who was candidate at the election, take? A. He went into Ray County and swore before Judge A. A. King to a statement similar to that of Black, and declared also that they threatened to kill him (Peniston) on sight, and to drive all the citizens from Daviess Co. and take possession of their property.

4. Whom did he say were the leaders of this body of men? A. Joseph Smith and Lyman Wight.

5. What was the result of these base and infamous lies sworn to by these mobocrats? A. A writ was issued from the court to Judge King for the arrest of the Prophet Joseph.

6. Why did the sheriff decline to serve this writ upon Joseph? A. He told the sheriff that he

always intended to submit to the laws of the land, but that he wished to be tried in his own county as there was too much feeling and excitement in Daviess for him to have any hope of justice there.

7. What false report was circulated, after Joseph's conversation with the sheriff, to create an excitement and prejudice the people? A. That Joseph and Lyman Wight had resisted the officer.

8. What action did the enemies of the Saints take on hearing these lying statements? A. A mob began to collect from all upper Missouri into Daviess Co., for the purpose as they said of helping to take Joseph and Lyman Wight.

9. When was Joseph and Lyman Wight put on trial before Judge King? A. September 7th, 1838.

10. What was the result of the trial? A. There was no proof against them, notwithstanding they were, in order to pacify the mobbers and their leaders, bound over in a five hundred dollar bond.

### THE PRIZES.

IN the thirteenth number of the last volume of the INSTRUCTOR we offered a number of prizes for the best and most complete list of answers to Questions on Church History published in the last half of the volume. In the next number we will announce the names of those who have won the prizes.

We wish to continue the publication of "Questions on Church History," and will invite all our young friends to prepare answers to the same. As an inducement we will offer the following prizes:

First prize—One year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the best list of answers to the questions that will be published in the first twelve numbers of this volume.

Second prize—A book entitled, "Nelson on Infidelity," for the second best list of answers to the same questions.

Third prize—"The Life of Newton," for the third best list of answers to the same questions.

The answers must be received in time to appear in the second issue after the one in which the questions are published.

THE following-named persons have answered the Questions on Church History published in No. 23 of Vol. 21: W. J. C. Mortimer, Henry H. Blood, Avildia L. Page, Samuel Stark.

## INTRODUCTION OF THE GOSPEL TO THE MAORIES.

BY W. M. BROMLEY.

IN the year 1880 I received a letter from President John Taylor, asking me if I could arrange my affairs so as to take a mission to Australia. I replied that whatever the Presidency required of me, I should make it a point, if possible, to do. I learned from Bishop Bringham, of Springville, that he also had received a communication, stating that the Presidency wished him, as Bishop, to see that I was furnished with what means I might need to fill the call that was made to that far distant land.

On the 10th of December I left my home in Springville for Salt Lake City, at which place I was set apart by Apostle Franklin D. Richards to preside over the Australian Mission. I was informed by President Joseph F. Smith that he believed the time had arrived when the natives of New Zealand, known as Maories, would receive the gospel. He believed them to be of the house of Israel and seemed impressed with the idea that they would almost universally receive the gospel when presented to them.

I left Salt Lake City on the 12th, and after visiting in San Francisco a few days, sailed on the steamer *City of New York* in company with Elders N. H. Groesbeck and John T. Ferris, who had joined me and were appointed to the same field of missionary labor. We set sail at 2 o'clock one afternoon, and after passing through the Golden Gate into the Pacific Ocean were met by head winds which increased in force and violence as we proceeded on our journey, until they developed into a storm. It proved to be very disastrous in its effects, as two seamen were washed overboard and nothing further was heard of them. Two passengers were also injured and the ship sustained considerable damage from the force of the waves, as they from time to time submerged the vessel.

After a voyage of ten days we arrived at Honolulu, at which place we were detained one day. As the small-pox was then raging in that city no through passenger was permitted to land. After leaving Honolulu the voyage was very pleasant. At the end of two weeks we arrived at Auckland, a beautiful seaport town situated on a harbor of the same name in the North Island of New Zealand. This city is built on a series of hills and gullies that reach down to the water's edge. The suburbs are adorned with beautiful villas and cottages, surrounded by lovely lawns and gardens, in which may be seen some of the finest shrubbery and flowers that the world produces.

The picture as witnessed from the steamer's deck, as we sail up the harbor and approach the city, is enchanting. Truly this city might be called the Venice of the South Seas. The land is of volcanic formation, extinct volcanoes abounding in every direction. The scoria from these craters, through the action of the elements, becomes pulverized and is utilized as soil, the fertility of which is not surpassed in any portion of the globe. The land at this point, from ocean to ocean, is about six miles in width. There is an extinct volcano situated midway between the two waters. It is conical in shape, with a beautiful depression on the top like a bowl, from which, at no very remote period, the scoria has been ejected with great force, as indicated by the surrounding country. To-day, through the action of the elements and the efforts of well-directed industry, beautiful grasses grow where fire formerly held high carnival

and reigned supreme. At the present time, beautiful homes, lovely gardens, parks and shrubbery abound where a few years since human life could not be maintained. This mount is called Eden, a very appropriate name in view of its surroundings. The ocean may be seen on the east and west from its summit, and the remains of many fortifications are found in the vicinity of this mound, which were built by the natives during their numerous wars with each other and the whites.

Auckland is a city of about 35,000 inhabitants, and is English in every respect. We arrived there January 14, 1881, on a beautiful Summer's day; for it will be remembered that what is Midwinter in northern latitudes is Midsummer in New Zealand. I met a gentleman by the name of William W. Day who, with his family, kindly received me and informed me that he was president of a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, numbering about seventy souls.

After a few days' rest, I began to make inquiries in regard to the natives of New Zealand and learned that they numbered about 45,000 souls, inhabiting mostly the central part of the North Island. They were divided into two classes, consisting of those who were partly civilized and associated with the whites, and those who were known as Hua-haus. The latter class are isolated and would have no dealings with the whites nor ever permit them to come among them; and it was considered unsafe for any white person to attempt to explore the country in which they lived. Their customs and habits I found to be in keeping with the account given in the Bible of the ancient Israelites in many particulars. I learned they had been a very warlike race and were often able to hold their own in a conflict with the troops of Great Britain, who had been sent against them in times past. They acknowledged the rule of King Tawhioa.

The Maories formerly practiced cannibalism, but the horrid custom was long since abolished. They were divided into tribes; but the father of the reigning king had succeeded in subduing all the tribes and was consequently acknowledged first king of all the Maories. I learned that if I wished to communicate with the natives, I must do so through their king, and that it was quite difficult to reach him; but in a short time after my arrival there, I found there was a *pah*, or Maori village, located a few miles from Auckland, and that the chief who presided over it had influence with the king.

One Sabbath morning in February, 1881, after carefully maturing my plans, I visited this *pah* in company with Elder William J. McDonnell and Steven Surman. We found the chief, Paul, sitting upon a mat on the floor of his *whare*, with his legs crossed, and were introduced to him through the window, Elder McDonnell acting as interpreter. After talking to him, with the aid of the interpreter, upon the subject of religion he became interested and invited us into his *whare*. I was shown into his sitting room, which was furnished on the European plan, and had an interview of an hour's duration with him. I told him the object of my visit to New Zealand, referring to the message which I was sent to communicate to the Maories. He seemed pleased with what I told him, and stated that if I would prepare a statement of my mission and intentions he would see that it was forwarded to the king. I thanked him for his offer, but remarked at the same time that as soon as the white people learned of my visit to him, all manner of sensational stories and false reports would be circulated relative to my labors in that land. He replied that they must not come humbugging around him, and if they did he would run them away from his *pah* and see that I had fair-play. I left him, promising that I would prepare a statement



as suggested, have it translated into the Maori tongue and return it to him, and he could then forward it to the king.

To all human appearance there was nothing to prevent the accomplishment of my mission in presenting the gospel to the Maories, and I found myself exulting in my mind over the pleasure that I should experience in being the person who had introduced the glad message to them. I went so far in my reflections as to imagine myself and a few of the leading Maories walking up the main street of Salt Lake City on our way to President Taylor's office, with a feeling of pride and self-gratification over my success filling my mind. But soon I was taught a lesson which I am persuaded will be of lasting benefit to me. It was that if there was anything accomplished in this direction, God should have the glory of it and I must take none to myself.

*(To be Continued.)*

## THE RESURRECTION.

### THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

*(Continued from page 385, Vol 21.)*

THE absurdity of the story of the theft of Christ's body will be further manifest from the following considerations: The time between the death and resurrection was limited. Popular excitement was still at the highest pitch; the hate of the Pharisees intense, and the terror of the disciples had by no means subsided, and with them personal safety was a prime consideration until after this period. They could muster but few and dared not risk an encounter with the armed guard of sixty soldiers, who, in addition to their own force, would be aided by the whole Pharisaical sect of the Jews in case of an alarm. Christ's friends would not risk their lives for Him while He was alive and it is preposterous to assume they would when He was dead and His body in the hands of His enemies.

Now, if there were any collusion between the Lord and His disciples, at what time between his alleged death and burial were the plans for His rescue matured? Jesus was in the hands of His enemies and had fallen away in a swoon. These were not favorable conditions for concocting grand business schemes. But it is objected that all might have been conceived and executed without His knowledge, or the plan concocted before His crucifixion. Both of these suppositions are fettered with many "ifs." As to the first—if He would simulate death at the right time and place, if He would not revive too soon and unwittingly call for aid, if He knew, in fact, without being told, just what His friends purposed to do. As to the second—if the Pharisees did not make the whole scheme abortive, which they did, by killing Him, if their precautions to guard against surprise and imposture would be of such a loose character as to favor the design, if it could have been done as easily as infidel nonsense of the nineteenth century imagines.

Again, the disciples could have had no adequate incentive to steal a dead body, though there might have been some motive to attempt the rescue of one that was merely supposed to be dead, and the question arises as to how they only of the multitude discovered that Jesus was still alive. By what subterfuge did they prevent others from making the fatal discovery?

The disciples were in the vicinity early in the morning and the body could not have been conveyed far away. Why did not the Pharisees institute a proper search for it? and, above all, why did they not demand that some of the friends of Jesus be held as hostages for the return of the corpse?

Again, it is not at all probable that the disciples could go to, and return from, the tomb without being seen by some enemy, when the alarm would have been instant. The noise, also, of removing the stone, the tramping of so many feet, must have awakened the soldiers had they been asleep. Now, as to the soldiers, they were either asleep or they were not; if they were, how did they know that the disciples or anyone else stole the body? If they were not, how could they allow a few timid disciples to accomplish the very thing they were there to prevent? They neither dared to sleep, nor to neglect their duty, for Roman military discipline punished with death such flagrant violation of law. Further, it is quite improbable that sixty soldiers could all be asleep in the open air at the same moment, and just when the time was most propitious for the disciples. If they were, the circumstance was extraordinary.

Further, a theft of the body would have been conducted with precipitate haste; but there is no indication of anything but extreme leisure in the event of the resurrection.

Another evidence of this leisure is found in the fact that a portion of the grave clothes were "folded up" and carefully laid by themselves at one side of the tomb; and lastly, all the clothes were there, and the poor, foolish disciples, if they stole the corpse, undressed and again re-dressed the body when they knew that a moment's time might cost them their lives.

We can conceive of no sufficient motive that could induce the disciples to affirm that Jesus rose from the dead if He did not, when the declaration was made at their extreme peril; what shall we say of Jesus to run such fearful risks as He did in making a resurrection necessary in order to enjoy any benefit from the success of the fraudulent scheme with which His enemies charge Him. But the record of His life disproves the imputation of foolishness, undue enthusiasm, fanaticism or deception. Never was there greater earnestness exhibited by all parties concerned in a great transaction than was manifested in the closing scenes of Christ's life. All of the events were terribly real; the work of death was faithfully performed and His resurrection is a veritable fact.

The death of Jesus is commemorated in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and the application of Leslie's rules demonstrates the fact of its occurrence. Now, the change of the Christian Sabbath from the seventh day of the week to the first is the public memorial of Christ's resurrection. It has been maintained without interruption from the date of that event to the present. Infidels themselves assist in its weekly celebration, and thus confirm its truth. Let Leslie's rules be applied again, and they will set the resurrection verity on the most stable foundation.

But, to continue, we ask those who adopt the swoon theory, since they do not deny that Jesus was seen alive and well within a brief period after His crucifixion, whether it be a greater tax on our credulity to believe that He rose from the dead, or that those ghastly wounds were all healed within the space of a few hours?

*(To be Continued.)*

JUST as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1887.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ANY people, when they join the Church, regret they were not connected with the Latter-day Saints at an earlier day, that they might have shared the mobbings and the various hardships which resulted from persecution. Perhaps there are many of our young people who have the same feeling. They may imagine that the opportunities for enduring such privations and persecutions as the Saints of God had in the early days of the Church have gone by, and they may regret they were not born at an earlier day, so that they could have been actors in the stirring scenes in which the Latter-day Saints bore a part.

But while Satan has power on the earth, no Latter-day Saint need be afraid that he will not have all the trials, afflictions and persecutions which he can endure. If they do not come in one shape, they will in another. Satan will let no opportunity of tormenting the people of God, or of throwing obstacles in the way of the work of God, pass by without being used. His weapons are falsehood and violence. He uses falsehood in the most cunning manner, filling the hearts of the people with hatred and anger against the truth. He is tireless in circulating slander and misrepresentation, using those agencies to poison the people's minds, until, in the words of the Savior, they think they are doing God service in killing His people.

A more complete illustration of his power to use falsehood was never furnished than in the case of the Son of God. This pure and holy Being, the great Benefactor of our race, whose life was devoted to man's salvation, and who patiently endured all the indignities that could be heaped upon Him, fell a victim to the falsehoods which Satan circulated concerning Him. He embittered the hearts of his countrymen against Jesus to so great an extent that they preferred to let Barabbas, the murderer, go free and unpunished than to permit Him to escape the death of the cross.

In the case of the Latter-day Saints we have another illustration of the power of falsehood. Because of the falsehoods which are being told about us, we are hated with such intensity by thousands of people in the United States that they would gladly see us destroyed.

Now, while the power which produces this state of affairs lives and has influence over the hearts of the children of men, we may look for a continuation of this hatred and opposition. The form in which it appears, or in which we are assailed by it, may change, but in whatever shape it may come, it will test the integrity and courage and endurance of the people to the utmost extent.

In the early days of the Church the form of persecution differed from that which we now have to endure. It was more of a neighborhood affair than now. Mobs were formed by local influences, and the opposition did not call into action distant forces. Inhabitants of localities not immediately in contact with the Latter-day Saints merely heard of the existence

of trouble and of the conduct of mobs. They gave themselves no particular concern about what was going on, because they were not immediately affected in one way or another by the trouble.

But this is not the case to-day. What is called the "Mormon Problem" is not confined to, or discussed in, a narrow locality. It has become an affair of national importance, and is said to call for the most learned statesmanship in dealing with it. There is no part of the United States now that is so remote as to feel no special interest in the "Mormon question and people. It has been lifted from the obscurity of a neighborhood by the attacks of its enemies and the agitation of the question, until it is considered one of the live issues to be dealt with by the Federal Executive and Legislature.

While this continues to be the feeling, neither our new converts nor the rising generation need fear they have either come into the Church, or been born, too late to show their zeal and devotion in the midst of trying scenes and persecutions. There will be plenty of persecution and numerous ordeals of one kind or another to satisfy the most ardent in their wish for opportunities to show their valor. In the future, trials may not be exactly of the same kind in all respects as they have been up to the present time; but, nevertheless, they will give the strong and the reliable, the faithful and the zealous, every necessary opportunity to show the stuff they are made of and the faith which God has given them. So also with the impure and the weak, the hypocrite and the unbelieving; under the pressure of circumstances which will surround them they will exhibit the defects in their lives and characters; for God will have a tried people. He will bring us through the furnace of affliction, and if we endure the fiery trial, the dross of our natures will be burned out and the gold will appear the brighter and the purer.

The readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR should prepare themselves in the most thorough manner for the trials which lie before them. They may be sure, if they live godly in Christ Jesus, they will have all that are necessary to satisfy the most heroic nature. We are engaged in an actual warfare. Yet the combatants are not all seen. We have invisible foes, who are doing all in their power to destroy us; and we have invisible comrades, who are fighting with all watchfulness and gallantry to defend and save us.

We have the advantage in having God and truth and the heavenly hosts on our side; and though falsehood, as we have shown, has great power, it cannot stand before truth; and in anything like a fair struggle it must be overthrown.

Our earthly foes are very numerous. We appear very insignificant in comparison with them. This fact makes them believe that our conquest will be an easy one, and that we must succumb to the odds against us. But in this they deceive themselves. They know not the power of truth, and they cannot perceive the hosts we have to aid us. So that, while we appear in their eyes to be fighting a losing battle, we are in reality marching forward on a career of victory that will never cease until the earth comes under the dominion of its lawful Prince, He who created it, and who died to redeem it.

WHATSOEVER mitigates the woes or increases the happiness of others, is a just criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, is a criterion of iniquity. One should not quarrel with a dog without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.



MOUNT ETNA. (See page 10.)

## MOUNT ETNA.

ON the eastern coast of the island of Sicily in the Mediterranean ocean is the world-renowned volcano Etna, the largest in Europe. This immense protuberance whose eastern side rises directly from the ocean where its streams of lava have formed thirty miles of the coast, has a base of about ninety miles in circumference and a height of 10,866 feet. Ancient mariners considered it the highest mountain in the world, and no doubt its real size was magnified by its abrupt rising from the level sea to its great elevation. It was called by some the "pillar of heaven," while the Arabs gave it the name of *el Jebel*, "the mountain."

There is to this volcanic mountain one central crater from which ashes, dust, lava, etc., have from time to time been ejected, thus forming one prominent mound in the shape of a cone, but no less than eighty smaller cones surround the upper portion of Etna each having been formed by eruptions of less force than the great crater itself. The most interesting and remarkable feature of this wonderful mountain, however, is an enormous hollow with an area of about ten miles which occupies a portion of the western slope of the volcano. This is called the *Val di Bove*. Its bottom is dotted with small craters which rise above each other in immense steps over which, when the volcano is in a state of eruption, the lava pours in fiery cascades.

Mount Etna has had, during the past two thousand years, more than one hundred eruptions, some of which have continued for several years. The first of which we have any account occurred in the year 476 B. C. and though not very disastrous in its results inspired a great terror and fear in the hearts of all who witnessed it. Probably the most ruinous eruption which has thus far taken place was that of the year 1669. The quantity of lava which it was estimated came from the volcano was no less than 3,532 millions of cubic feet. After this devastating stream had converted the fields of Nicolosi into a fiery lake and had partially enveloped the hill of Mompilieri it finally divided into three separate streams; the principal one of these descended upon the city of Catania, destroyed a part of the town, filled up the port and formed in its place a promontory. Nearly forty square miles of fertile land supporting a population of some twenty thousand souls were, by this catastrophe, turned into a dreary waste.

The most recent eruption of this unsettled mountain was that of 1879, the beginning of which our artist has illustrated in the accompanying engraving. It commenced on May 18th, the clouds of smoke and shower of ashes and scoriae being followed by the throwing out of a torrent of lava from two to three hundred feet thick. After speaking of the premonitory symptoms of the coming outbreak, a correspondent of an English journal thus describes the grand though terrible scene:

"A lava-stream was seen issuing from a crater in the side of Monte Penitello, about a mile south of the English house where the Government Observatory is situated. Twenty-four hours afterwards, streams of lava were seen coming out at seven other points, and a day later these seven new volcanoes all joined the principal crater, so that red-hot lava was poured down simultaneously in a volume nearly two miles in breadth. The rate of descent was reckoned at an average of twenty yards an hour. From time to time great massive stones were cast down, together with a deluge of hot water. As this stream continued to advance for days, and rolled nearer and nearer to Nicolosi—the town situated at the foot of the mountain—the greatest alarm was excited amongst the inhabitants, who

implored Heaven to avert the impending disaster. Thus the veil of St. Agatha, the patron saint of the district, who is said to have miraculously intervened in the eruption which threatened Catania in 1669, was borne through the streets of Nicolosi with great ecclesiastical pomp, while the people brought out the images of the saints from the churches to the Piazza, and there prayed for the desolating flood to be arrested.

"The stream was described by another eye-witness, who ascended the mountain and looked down upon the crater, as a sea of bright red angry lava, not liquid as most people suppose, but consisting of many millions of large and small blocks of rocky-looking stuff rolling onwards.

"The eruption, however, slackened after engulfing a convent and many woods and vineyards, at a point only a few hundred yards of the nearest house in Nicolosi."

The contour of Mt. Etna changes with every new eruption, some craters being closed and new ones being created. Some of the places from which once poured forth the destructive elements are now covered with forests and gardens, from among which beautiful villas arise looking like gems set in verdure.

## HOME LIFE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ONE hundred years ago not a pound of coal or cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fireplace which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire kindled on the brick hearth, or in the brick oven. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweep." No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire "went out" upon the hearth during the night, and the tinder was damp so that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so, to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm unless some of the family were ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature cooler than that of our modern barns and woodsheds, and they never complained.

A RAG MILLIONAIRE—One of the wealthiest of English velvet manufacturers worked his way to success by years of patient labor, in search of a way to utilize silk rags. He began by buying up all such waste at less than one cent a pound, and up to the year 1864 he had expended the immense sum of over \$1,300,000 in fruitless efforts to find a process. Nothing daunted, however, he continued his experiments, and discovered a method of converting such refuse into velvet of the finest quality. He carries on this industry in England employing some 4,000 workmen, and hundreds of travelers are also employed, whose sole business is to buy up silk waste in all parts of the globe. The factory is said to have cost nearly \$3,000,000.



BILLY'S ROSE.

BILLY'S dead, and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell;  
There's a tale I know about them, were I a poet I would tell;  
Soft it comes, with perfume laden, like a breath of country air  
Wafted down the filthy alley, bringing fragrant odors there.

In that vile and filthy alley, long ago, one winter's day,  
Dying quick of want and fever, hapless, patient Billy lay,  
While beside him sat his sister, in the garret's dismal gloom,  
Cheering with her gentle presence Billy's pathway to the tomb.

Many a tale of elf and fairy did she tell the dying child,  
Till his eyes lost half their anguish, and his worn, wan features  
smiled;  
Tales herself had heard hap-hazard, caught amid the Babel roar,  
Lisp'd about by tiny gossips playing at their mother's door.

Then she felt his wasted fingers tighten feebly as she told  
How beyond this dismal alley lay a land of shining gold,  
Where, when all the pain was over—where, when all the tears  
were shed—  
He would be a white-frocked angel, with a gold thing on his  
head.

Then she told some garbled story of a kind-eyed Savior's love,  
How He'd built for little children great big playgrounds up above,  
Where they sang and played at hop-scotch and at horses all the  
day,  
And where beadels and policemen never frightened them away.

This was Nell's idea of heaven—just a bit of what she'd heard,  
With a little bit invented, and a little bit inferred.  
But her brother lay and listened, and he seemed to understand,  
For he closed his eyes and murmured he could see the Prom-  
ised Land.

"Yes," he whispered, "I can see it—I can see it, sister Nell;  
O, the children look so happy, and they're all so strong and well,  
I can see them there with Jesus—He is playing with them, too!  
Let us run away and join them, if there's room for me and you."

She was eight, this little maiden, and her life had all been spent  
In the garret and the alley, where they starved to pay the rent;  
Where a drunken father's curses and a drunken mother's blows  
Drove her forth into the gutter from the day's dawn to its close.

But she knew enough, this outcast, just to tell the sinking boy,  
"You must die before you're able all these blessings to enjoy.  
You must die," she whispered, "Billy, and I am not even ill;  
But I'll come to you, dear brother—yes, I promise that I will.

"You are dying, little brother—you are dying, O so fast!  
I heard father say to mother that he knew you couldn't last.  
They will put you in a coffin; then you'll wake and be up there,  
While I'm left alone to suffer in this garret bleak and bare."

"Yes, I know it," answered Billy. "Ah, but, sister, I don't  
mind;  
Gentle Jesus will not beat me; He's not cruel or unkind.  
But I can't help thinking, Nelly, I should like to take away  
Something, sister, that you gave me, I might look at every day.

"In the summer you remember how the teacher took us out  
To a great, green, lovely meadow, where we played and ran  
about,  
And the van that took us halted by a sweet, bright patch of land,  
Where the fine red blossoms grew, dear, half as big as mother's  
hand.

"Nell, I asked the good, kind teacher what they called such  
flowers as those,  
And he told me, I remember, that the pretty name was rose.  
I have never seen them since, dear—how I wish that I had one!  
Just to keep and think of you, Nell, when I'm up beyond the  
sun."

Not a word said little Nelly; but at night, when Billy slept,  
On she flung her scanty garments, and then down the stairs she  
crept.  
Through the silent streets of London she ran nimbly as a fawn,  
Running on and running ever till the night had changed to dawn.

When the foggy sun had risen, and the mist had cleared away,  
All around her, wrapt in snowdrift, there the open country lay!  
She was tired, her limbs were frozen, and the roads had cut her  
feet.  
But there came no flowery gardens her keen, hungry eyes to  
greet.

She had traced the road by asking—she had learned the way to go;  
She had found the famous meadow—it was wrapt in cruel snow;  
Not a buttercup or daisy, not a single verdant blade,  
Showed its head above its prison. Then she knelt her down and  
prayed.

With her eyes upcast to heaven, down she sank upon the ground,  
And she prayed to God to tell her where the roses might be  
found.  
Then the cold blast numbed her senses, and her sight grew  
strangely dim;  
And a sudden, awful tremor seemed to rack her every limb.

"O a rose!" she moaned, "Good Jesus—just a rose to take to  
Bill!"  
And as she prayed a chariot came thundering down the hill;  
And a lady sat there, toying with a red rose, rare and sweet;  
As she passed she flung it from her, and it fell at Nelly's feet.

Just a word her lord had spoken caused her ladyship to fret,  
And the rose had been his present, so she flung it in a pet;  
But the poor, half-blinded Nelly thought it fallen from the skies,  
And she murmured, "Thank you, Jesus!" as she clasped the  
dainty prize.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo, that night from out the alley did a child's soul pass away;  
From dirt and sin and misery to where God's children play.  
Lo, that night a wild, fierce snowstorm burst in fury o'er the  
land,  
And at morn they found Nell frozen, with the red rose in her  
hand.

Billy's dead and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell;  
Am I bold to say this happened in the land where angels  
dwell?  
That the children met in heaven, after all their earthly woes,  
And that Nelly kissed her brother, and said, "Billy, here's your  
rose?"

It is particularly worth observation, that the more we mag-  
nify, by the assistance of glasses, the works of nature, the  
more regular and beautiful they appear; while it is quite dif-  
ferent in respect to those of art: for when they are examined  
through a microscope, we are astonished to find them so coarse,  
so rough and uneven, although they have been done with all  
imaginable care by the best workmen. Thus God has impressed  
even on the smallest atom an image of His infinity.



## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

A STRICT commandment was given by the Lord, through Moses, to the children of Israel, to the effect that they should smite and utterly destroy the nations that were in the land of Canaan, and they were not to make covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them, nor make marriages with them; for the Lord said, if they did, they would be the means of turning them away from the Lord and leading them into idolatry.

Many infidels have found fault with this command of the Lord. They have called it cruel, because the children of Israel were told to show no mercy to them, but to destroy them.

But the Lord explains to Israel why they merited death.

They had become so terribly corrupt, and practiced so many abominations that their Creator deemed them unworthy of life.

It might be thought that, after the mighty miracles and power of God they had witnessed, a command of this character to the children of Israel would be strictly obeyed.

But it was not. The children of Israel had scarcely entered into Canaan until they began making covenants with some of the remnants which Joshua had not destroyed.

They made the Canaanites pay tribute to them, and probably thought this was a better arrangement than to obey the command of God.

But the results proved what an awful mistake they had made in not obeying His voice. As the Lord said, these nations became thorns in the side of the children of Israel, and their gods became snares unto them. The most of the disasters which afterwards befell them and the evils from which they suffered were directly traceable to the neglect of this counsel which God gave unto them before entering into Canaan.

The similarity between the case of the Latter-day Saints, and that of the children of Israel is very striking.

In our case we have been gathered out from the different nations of the earth.

In the case of the children of Israel they were gathered out of Egypt.

But in both instances the object to be attained was and is the same.

The design with them was to make and keep them as a distinct people.

The same design has been announced concerning us.

Laws and commandments were given to them to preserve them from admixture with surrounding peoples.

Upon no point has the word of the Lord been more strict and frequent to us than that our sons and daughters should not marry with those not of our faith.

The Bible student is struck with the wonderful manner in which the warnings of the Lord upon this point to the children of Israel were fulfilled. Not only were the people scourged and smitten and brought into bondage by their disobedience; but the mighty men of the nation felt the dreadful consequences of this folly. Solomon, the wise, the magnificent, the great king, whose glory and fame filled the surrounding nations, and who stood so high in the favor of God, became, in his old age, a worshiper of idols and fell away from the service of the true God, whose chosen and anointed servant he was.

And why was this?

*He married strange women.*

In this disobedience to the command of God, given through Moses, and repeated by succeeding prophets, is found the cause of the down-fall of his splendid dynasty.

Examine our history, and what is the lesson taught to us?

That we cannot marry those not of our faith, or patronize, or sustain, or become one with them, without evil consequences following.

The evils from which we suffer now, are the direct results of our disobedience to the counsels and warnings we have received on these points. We have fostered and warmed in our bosoms the serpent which is stinging us. We have patronized and sustained our enemies; have rendered them aid and comfort, until they have become a power and now aim at our complete destruction. Every settlement, almost, which we have made in these mountains, suffers from the effects of marriages which have been made in opposition to the counsel of God. Young men have married into apostate families; young women have married gentiles and apostates, and our society has become mixed and been lowered in its tone by these associations.

The results of these unfortunate marriages are everywhere apparent, and they are becoming increasingly so. At a time like the present these evil results are brought vividly to light, as the hands of our enemies are strengthened in the work of persecution through the knowledge which many gain by their connection with reputable families.

I look upon the present persecution as intended, among other things, to bring forcibly to us the truth of the counsel that has been given to us.

It is true that we are in the world and must have association to some extent with its people. But it is not necessary that we should break down every barrier and wall of separation which the Lord has raised between us and them and become one with them. It is not necessary we should intermarry with them—give our daughters unto their sons, nor take their daughters unto our sons. It is not necessary that we should foster and support them and give the power they seek for. It is not necessary that we should bow down to their gods or worship at their shrines.

They who do these things are not friends of Zion; they are its enemies.

In the old days, the marriages of the children of Israel with the surrounding peoples led to idolatry. They fell into the worship of the people whom they married. This was in accordance with the warning given them by the Lord.

How is it in our days?

Look around and observe the effects which follow the intermarriage of the children of Latter-day Saints with those not of our faith.

Does any one know of any good results which follow such unions?

Are those who thus marry not led into idolatry—into darkness and unbelief and eventual apostasy?

Let the experience of the past thirty-nine years that we have been in these valleys answer.

Such marriages and the making of covenants with, and the sustaining and patronizing of, unbelievers have been a snare unto all Latter-day Saints who have disobeyed the counsel of the Lord on these points.

It is time we were warned against such acts before heavier scourges and condemnation come upon us. God's decree has gone forth concerning us. He intends us to be a distinct people, and the world, by its acts, seems determined to fulfill

His design. If we would have the fellowship of the world, we can only gain it at the cost of our faith. To a Latter-day Saint the cost is too great—it is not to be thought of.

## THE FORTY UNBIDDEN VISITORS OF ABEL HETTER.

BY EDDIS OWEN.

OF all the men who loaned money and speculated in stocks and wheat; of all the people who did *not* attend church; of all the people who were skeptical dwellers in a skeptical land in a skeptical age, I think Abel Hetter was the most skeptical.

He had when he was a child no more imagination than a horse, which, out of respect to Pegasus, may be supposed not entirely devoid of fancy; but when Abel Hetter was forty years old he was no more visionary than a pig, which, as all the world knows, is the least imaginative of earth's creatures. I am not intending now to say that Mr. Hetter resembled a pig in any other particular. If you see anything in this brief, straightforward record of some of his doings, which makes you believe that if he had been created a four-legged pig he would have stood with two feet in the trough—eating what swill his stomach could hold and seeking to drive his smaller and weaker companions away from the remainder—I say, if you go out of your way to find things, mind you the inference is yours not mine.

Abel Hetter's father, Simon Hetter, was a very humorous man. Even when Abel was a child in pinafores, he used to notice what a delightful flow of jocular feeling his father possessed. This humor of Simon Hetter always took the form of a practical joke; and Abel so much admired it that he was in a state of hourly anxiety for the time when he could play it with impunity. The joke may have been lacking in variety; but if so, it compensated for this defect by intensity. It consisted of a profane menace to knock some body's heads off, followed almost invariably by a half execution of the very laughable threat.

When Margaret Hetter was alive, she was made the special object of her husband's delicious humor. Her head was in a constant state of flying off to one side or the other; and it might have completed the strange feat but for the twinkling, laughing eye of Simon which detected her danger, and the jocular palm of Simon, which obviated the danger aforesaid, by striking her head a funny tap under the toppling side and thus restoring her to a perpendicular state.

She was the recipient of this joke during some years. At first, being a serious little woman, somewhat timid and nestling in her nature, she failed to see the exquisite point of her dear Simon's joke; but as time passed on and her experience was enlarged, she accepted it uncomplainingly and almost smilingly—you could not expect more; because it is well known to all men that women have no humor of their own and no appreciation of humor in others. Margaret Hetter nearly belied this last adage however, during one certain epoch when Simon seemed desirous to transfer his attention from her head to the heads of small Abel and smaller but older Alice. For at this critical juncture she showed by laughter and every other sign of joy which her desperate mind could invent that she, herself thoroughly enjoyed his wit, and that any portion of his jocularity directed to the children would be swine cast before

pearls. At any rate she succeeded in convincing him that to her alone belonged his jokes; and since wit is nothing without appreciation, and since the children never laughed but always screamed whenever his humor was directed to them; he concluded to accept Margaret's invitation and deliver his jokes solely to her.

You have doubtless heard of the man who, in perfect excess of good humor, tickled his wife's feet until she died. Well Simon Hetter, to reward fragile Margaret for her keen enjoyment so tickled her already lively imagination with his threats and so tickled her toppling head with his fists that she lay down one afternoon and died. That her death was due to joy is proven by the fact that when Alice by her screams had brought in the neighbors and a doctor, it was discovered that one of Margaret's almost empty blood vessels was burst and that her white teeth showed in a ghastly smile between her thin and parted lips.

In the meantime, it is due to Abel Hetter to remark that even if devoid of fancy, he was not entirely a fool; for he often slapped his skirted knees with satisfaction when he observed that the joke was transferred from his own pate to his mother's head, and he often laughed outright, when he saw a peculiar glance in his father's eye asking: "Don't you observe the fun of this affair? If you don't I'll bring it closer to your attention." But it must also be remarked that Alice, after a little time, ceased to scream when her father addressed his jokes to her and that she often sought to make him believe that her appreciation was keener than her mother's.

Well, Abel Hetter became a man, as is the way with boys who do not die too young; and you, who admire self-reliance and persistence, should have seen him then. He asked no favor and he gave none. He fought his way inch by inch; never retarded by sentiment—a thing which for him was non-existent—and never turned aside by obstacles. If people, who were weaker than himself, stood in his way he ruthlessly crushed them; if stronger, he fought with them tenaciously until, by sheer pluck, he had won his point. The dogged battle which he waged for thirty years made his face the delight of physiognomists; for they, who knew his career, were wont to point to him as proof positive of Lavater's theories.

Mr. Hetter was not a bad-looking man; and yet his face was more like a bull-dog's face than like anything else within the domain of comparison. His jaw was strong and square; his teeth even and white; and when he shut his lips after asserting a position, you might rest assured, even when you saw him for the first time, that he would hold like a bull-dog. For the rest, he was tall and broad-shouldered, with scant gray locks and a gray moustache; in manner stern and abrupt, without friends or intimate associates; and rich! oh, very rich!

It was the talk of the street where he had his office that Hetter was the last man to be asked for mercy by a creditor; and that once, on the other hand, when a railroad king had assumed to show him a favor and tried to patronize him, Hetter had passionately declared that he would never deal with the magnate again and had at once drawn his check for a cool half-million and demanded his contracts from the richer speculator. To put the opinion of the street tersely: "There's no infernal nonsense about Hetter. He's all fact and no fancy."

This cool, skeptical, unimaginative man went home from his office one night—the night of the 31st of December in a certain year. His bachelor quarters, like himself, were substantial and comfortable, without having any "infernal nonsense" about them. And because it was a wild and stormy time out-

side, and so comfortable within, he concluded not to go out again during the evening. So he sat down in his easiest chair before the fire and took from his pocket a sheet of figures, showing his financial operations for the year.

He studied the sheet carefully; his eye gleaming or his brow contracting according to the results of the several transactions. And when he read the last line, "Net profits, \$167,832.39," his mouth became wreathed in a long-lingering smile of self-satisfaction.

Then he fell to pondering upon the steps which had led him to prosperity; and finally he got back to the days of boyhood. Now, for a man of his years, Abel Hetter showed very little sense in choosing this night of all nights in the year for a reverie; because, as every person knows, the spirit of the past chooses this time in which to creep into a man's habitation and take possession, if the man is foolish enough to give the slightest encouragement. And so Mr. Hetter wilfully brought on the fate which befel him.

Abel did not hear any footstep nor detect any rustling of garments; and yet he suddenly became aware that he was not alone in the room. He muttered a threat at the servant, whom he believed was the intruder; but he did not care to even turn his head and examine. Soon he heard a murmur of voices, which quickly grew louder until it became almost clamorous; and he felt that he must give attention.

Abel sprang to his feet and turned to gaze into the well-lighted chamber. He gasped with astonishment and then cried:

"What, in heaven's name, do you people want here? A pretty time of night for strangers to walk into my room!"

No wonder he asked such a question; for there stood not less than two score persons—all males—ranging from gray-haired men down to little chaps in skirts; and there was even one small baby-boy holding tight to the finger of an older child. And when he demanded their wants they all set up a yell:

"Abel Hetter asks us what we want here; Abel Hetter, Abel Hetter! After we've many of us waited for years and years to meet him face to face, he now calls us strangers and asks us what we want here!"

One of them, seemingly the eldest, then stepped forward and spoke:

"Abel Hetter, I've waited upon you, day and night for a year, and this midnight hour another attendant takes my place. You're no stranger to me. You're no stranger to these other presences. We're the YEARS of your life—one to forty, (both inclusive, as your precise commercial men would say); and we're here to pay you a visible visit."

This was a strange introduction; but the skeptical man could not doubt the evidence of his sight and hearing. And while he looked and listened, a strange thing became manifest to him. He saw that each personage bore a badge upon the breast, reading:

"Abel Hetter's—year."

And he sensed that each personage presented a physical image of what he, himself, was in that particular year of his existence.

He was awed for the first time in his matured life. This was no trick of the imagination; as sure as death and taxes, Abel Hetter was called upon to entertain in his unsocial, bachelor home, forty unbidden guests, the YEARS of his own life.

He stammered a trifle, he tried to ask these visitors to be seated. But there was something so grotesque in the idea of

asking a YEAR to "sit down and be comfortable," that the words died gurgling in his throat. Besides there were but four chairs in the room; and he could not well request the YEARS to sit in columns of ten.

Without waiting for any exhibition of Abel's politeness, the YEARS began to move around the room and arrange themselves in the line of a procession. And when this was done, the baby personage toddled forward. It stopped in front of the staring man, smiled, crowed a little, looked fondly out of two dancing grey eyes, and pointed to a badge upon the little bosom: "Abel Hetter's first year." Then it moved on.

Others passed, and some had words to say and uttered them in childish tones. One came and it was number nine. It was coarser and larger than the others and its face wore a look of selfishness and fear. It spoke:

"I was with you when your mother got her last beating, to save your young hide. I was with you when she died; and I know that in your heart, the strongest sorrow was because you had lost a shield from your father's lash. I was with you when your father cast you out to fight for life with the dogs." It stepped away, and Abel Hetter's TENTH YEAR took the place:

"I was with you when you crept back into the house; and when your father would have broken his cane upon you, but Alice, like her mother unselfish, took the blows upon her own slender shoulders. I was with you when that devoted girl was wont to steal out and find you in the streets, bringing to you her food and more than half her clothing. I know what you knew then, that you would have perished but for her, and that hers was a double sacrifice for she gave you from her own scanty portion and was regularly beaten for absenting herself to visit you. I know the miserable life you led, fighting for existence until you became more of a bull-dog than a boy, and until you grew to hate all of human kind."

When that YEAR was gone, and others had passed—each one telling its story of Abel's selfish misery in youth, and Alice's self-sacrifice—the SIXTEENTH YEAR took a stand before the chair where Abel sat with hands clenched and eyes staring:

"I was with you among your evil companions, in the hour of sore temptation, when Alice sought you out and carried you to a little home. I was with you when you learned that your sot of a father was dead and gone and that Alice had determined thenceforth to help you with her presence and her devoted love; when she gave you all she had to give and then toiled for more; when she found you a place in a store and maintained a home for you while you worked and studied and spent all you earned for clothes and dinners."

Others passed, and in passing told their stories; and then the TWENTIETH YEAR came:

"I was with you when you met with the broker who opened for you the doors of this career; when, because you no longer needed Alice and you feared that she might hamper your advance in life, you gave your tardy consent to her marriage to John Wallace, the clerk who had protected and helped you for years, for your sister's sake; when you left the city where you were born to come with your new employer to this mart of money and abode of wickedness; when your sister—all too good for a selfish wretch like you—kissed you farewell and wept as if she were parting with a better youth; when you entered upon your new life of financial excitement and swore to get rich; when you wrote to tender, hopeful Alice Wallace, that an exchange of letters once a year would be often enough."

(To be Continued.)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. It contains five measures of music, ending with a double bar line. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and contains five measures of music, also ending with a double bar line. The second system is similar, with a treble staff containing five measures and a bass staff containing five measures. Dynamic markings 'mf' and 'Dim.' are placed below the first and fourth measures of the first system, respectively. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Let us cherish a love for the beauties of home, There is nothing more charming on earth; Tho' in

*mf*

distant fair climes seeking pleasure we roam, We will find not their equals in worth. There's a

peace and a joy that our homes doth af - ford Which the wand'rer abroad will not find, Tho' he



All the happy, bright days of our childhood were spent  
In our innocent glee round its hearth,  
And the memories sweet of those moments have lent  
To it richness in beauty and worth.  
There we've played 'neath the shade of the trees that o'erhung  
The low cottage that sheltered our heads;  
And have romped through the orchard to hide among  
The green bushes in soft, grassy beds.

But most precious it is for the dear, loved ones there,  
Whose affections entwine round our heart,  
And which bind us together wherever we are  
In a friendship that time cannot part.  
Let us then be content with the beauties of home,  
Since naught else upon earth is more fair,  
Though in lands far or near seeking pleasure we roam,  
We will find not more joy than is there.

### TALE-BEARING.

THERE is scarcely a habit more despicable than that of tale-bearing. It not only betrays a mean disposition but it is the fruitful source of countless misfortunes and crimes.

The person addicted to this evil custom is worse than a leper in the community, for the leper can only disseminate one terrible disease, while the tale-bearer breathes forth various forms of not less loathsome and even more deadly contagion.

Let us consider. Does not this tattling invariably breed dissension whenever persistently carried on? Does it not effect life-long estrangements between friends, often of close kindred? Does it not enkindle bitterest enmity, and frequently inspire to grossest crimes of hatred and revenge? In fine, does it not shadow the fair lives of even the most virtue-loving and wring with disappointments and anguish the gentlest hearts?

There is no danger here, however, of young people confounding this hideous vice we are describing with a certain delicate obligation of Christian charity, viz: that of reporting misconduct of others to proper authority. This is always a duty and never a dishonorable act where the information is likely to stay the evil proceeding, benefit the culprit, or avert scandal, but solely in one such case. Telling of another's faults or misdeeds, when none of these results are presumed to follow, is mere idle tattling, no matter to whom we unfold the tale.

Take care, then, young reader, to keep yourself entirely free from this revolting moral deformity, this wretched eagerness to pry into and publish everybody's affairs. Now in youth is the time to contract or avert the habit. Later on you will find the temptation irresistible, or have become invulnerable to its approach. What a happy state this last in the sight of both God and man! Try ever diligently to attain its highest degree.

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

"BOTH"-HANDED PEOPLE.—It is supposed to be a great misfortune to be left-handed; but is it not at least a misfortune to be merely right-handed? Why not be both-handed? We do not often realize what a useless and ineffective member this poor left hand of ours is until our right arm is disabled in some way or burdened with a fretful baby who must be held while we want to work. Now if we could only sew or write with the left hand, what a blessing it would be. Then, too, the right hand may be lost by accident, when the use of the left hand becomes a prime necessity. Now why not teach children to be both-handed? They naturally use both hands with equal ease, and why should they not be trained to use both with equal facility? It is cruel to tie up a child's left hand when he attempts to use it—unless he uses it to the exclusion of his right hand—since it practically maims him for life. Constant use of the right hand makes the right side of the body larger and stronger than the left, which is in itself a reason for not doing so. Let children have the free use of both hands, and encourage them in it. While nearly all machinery and working implements are constructed to be operated with the right hand, there is little enough encouragement for the left hand.

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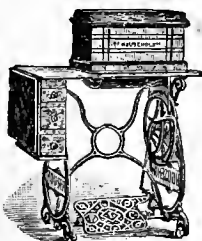
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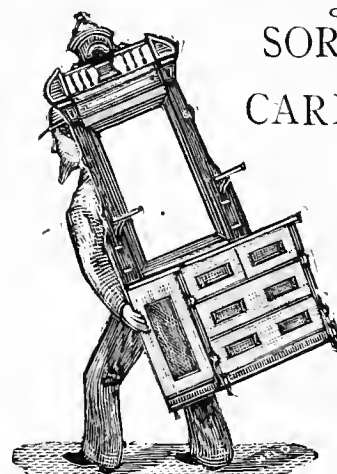
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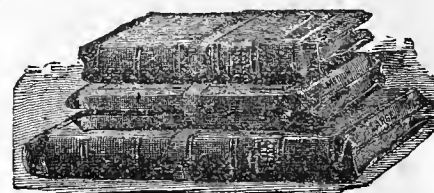
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